MARVEL
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LGY#205
MacKAY
CAPPUCCIO
ROSENBERG
MOON KNIGHT
MCNIVEN
fgd

Mercenary **Marc Spector** died and was reborn in the shadow of **Khonshu**, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became **Moon Knight**, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

MOON KNIGHT

"HOROSCOPE"

Marc Spector continues to run his Midnight Mission in New York City, providing aid to his neighbors as Moon Knight. Spector has also been undergoing therapy with Dr. Andrea Sterman and gained an assistant, Reese, who is struggling to contain her newly acquired vampirism.

While defending his neighborhood, Moon Knight has allied with several locals, including Terry and the veteran nicknamed Soldier. Moon Knight also has a hidden enemy who has been secretly observing him from the shadows and sending challengers his way, all of whom Spector has been able to overcome…so far.

Writer JED MACKAY *Artist* ALESSANDRO CAPPUCCIO

Color Artist RACHELLE ROSENBERG *Letterer* VC's CORY PETIT

Cover Artists

STEVE McNIVEN & FRANK D'ARMATA

Variant Cover Artists

ARTHUR ADAMS & DEAN WHITE; E.J. SU; MARIA WOLF & MIKE SPICER

Production Design NICK RUSSELL MARTIN BIRO *Assistant Editor*

Associate Editor ANNALISE BISSA | TOM BREVOORT *Editor*

Editor in Chief C.B. CEBULSKI

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THEN.

MARC, I HAVE CONCERNS.

CONCERNS?

I TOLD YOU, I HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ANY DISSOCIATIVE EPISODES IN *WEEKS* NOW.

WHEN JAKE OR STEVEN DO SURFACE, IT'S ONLY FOR *MINUTES* AT A TIME--

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR D.I.D., MARC.

DESPITE YOUR SO-CALLED "REPUTATION," YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARILY *HIGH-FUNCTIONING.*

PEOPLE SUFFERING FROM D.I.D. EXPERIENCE EPISODES DURING PERIODS OF HIGH STRESS, BUT YOUR...HISTORY APPEARS TO HAVE *INCREASED* YOUR STRESS THRESHOLD.

AS MOON KNIGHT AND AS A SOLDIER *BEFORE* THAT, YOU'VE BUILT AN EXTRAORDINARY *TOLERANCE* TO HIGH-STRESS SITUATIONS THAT WOULD CAUSE MOST PEOPLE WITH YOUR DISORDER TO DISSOCIATE.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR BRAIN DAMAGE EITHER.

YOUR DEAL WITH THE AVENGERS STIPULATES THAT YOU WORK WITH A QUALIFIED SUPERHUMAN THERAPIST. BUT THAT ONLY WORKS SO LONG AS WE *TRUST* ONE ANOTHER.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN *HONEST* WITH ME, MARC.

NOW.

HOW WAS THERAPY, MARC?

DIFFICULT.

AND I *THOUGHT* I ASKED YOU TO CALL ME MR. KNIGHT. ANYTHING HAPPENING TONIGHT?

TERRY'S IN YOUR OFFICE.

TERRY? WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I DON'T KNOW.

HE'S SCARED.

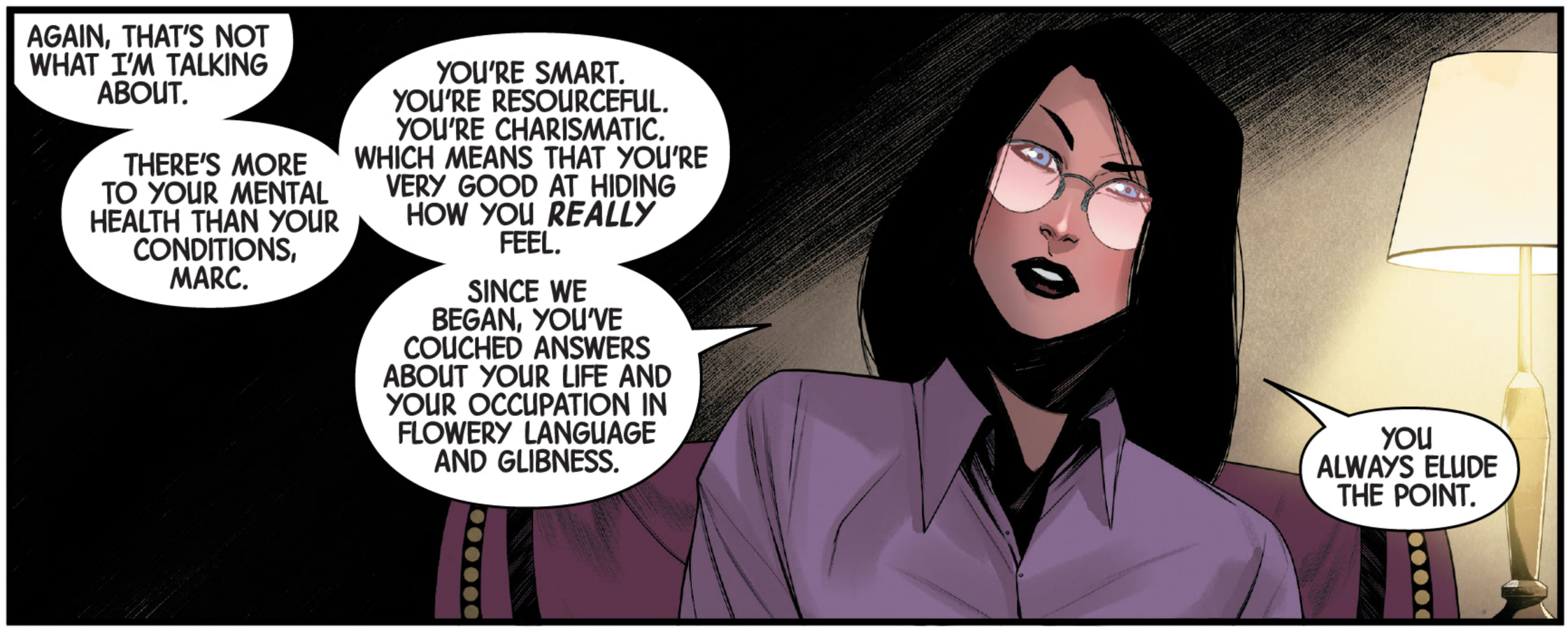
HE WON'T TELL ME WHY, BUT SOMETHING HAS HIM *SPOOKED.*

WELL, THE MOOD I'M IN...

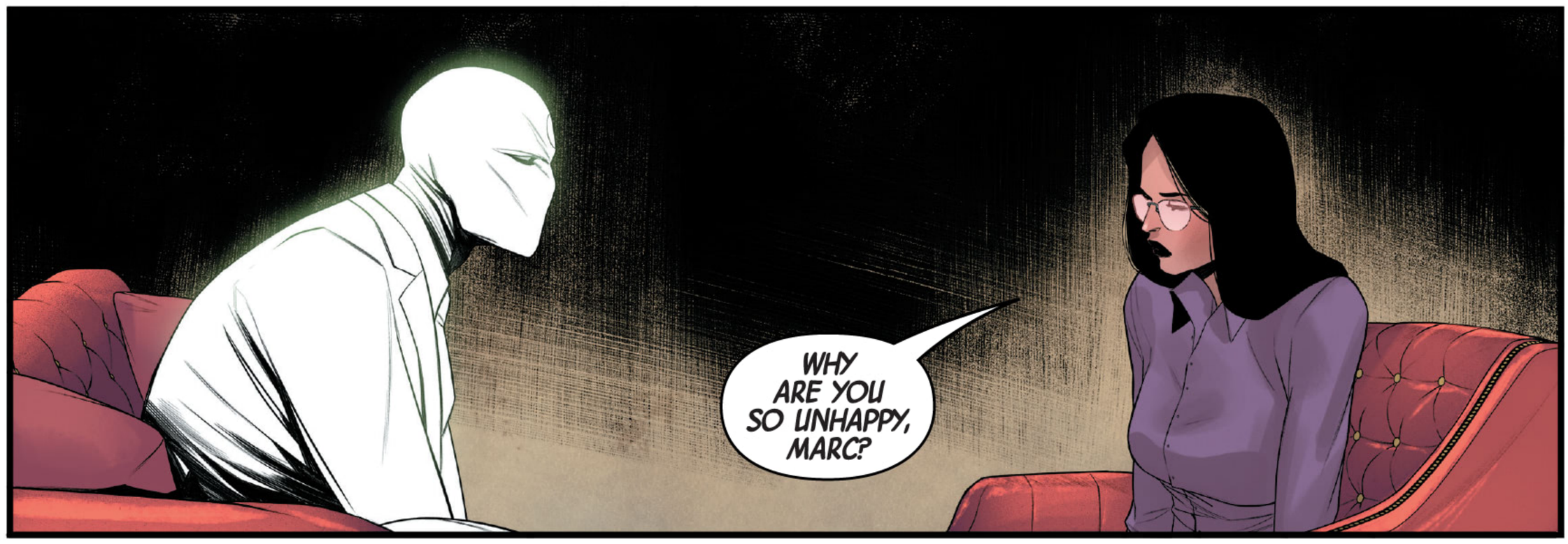
...THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE MUCH ON THE STREETS TONIGHT SCARIER THAN *ME.*

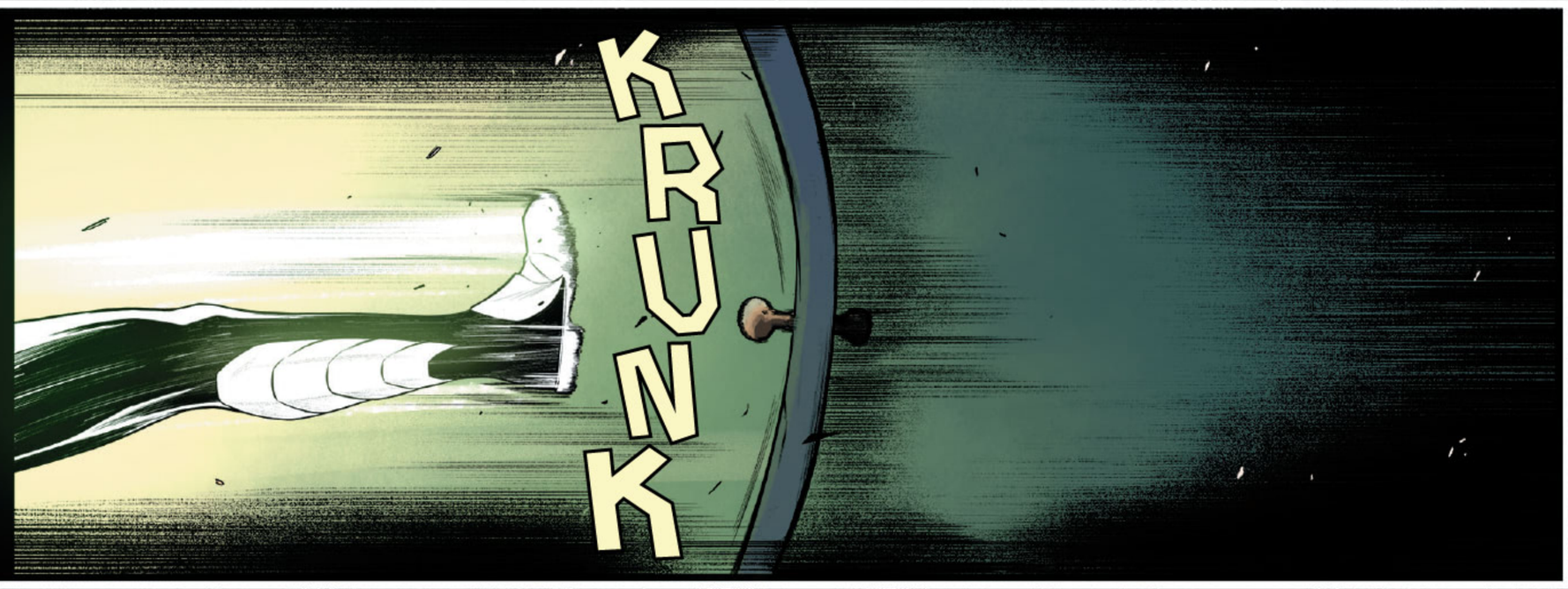
RIGHT.
TERRY, WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER, SO I'LL SPARE YOU THE RITUAL.
HOW CAN I HELP?
LOOK, THIS...
I DON'T--
TERRY.
YOU KNOW HOW SOMEONE'S BEEN, UH, GUNNING FOR YOU?
MESSING WITH YOU, SENDING DUDES AFTER YOU?
I KNOW WHO IT IS.
IT'S SOLDIER.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I'VE SUBMITTED TO MULTIPLE BRAIN IMAGING SESSIONS.
I'VE LOGGED MY DISSOCIATIVE EPISODES.
I'VE BEEN *ENTIRELY* TRANSPARENT.


AGAIN, THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
THERE'S MORE TO YOUR MENTAL HEALTH THAN YOUR CONDITIONS, MARC.
YOU'RE SMART. YOU'RE RESOURCEFUL. YOU'RE CHARISMATIC. WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT HIDING HOW YOU *REALLY* FEEL.
SINCE WE BEGAN, YOU'VE COUCHED ANSWERS ABOUT YOUR LIFE AND YOUR OCCUPATION IN FLOWERY LANGUAGE AND GLIBNESS.
YOU ALWAYS ELUDE THE POINT.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
IS IT? CAN YOU *REALLY* TELL ME THAT YOU ANSWERED ME HONESTLY WHEN I ASKED ABOUT YOUR INSISTENCE ON BEING MASKED?
...
FINE. ASK ME A QUESTION.

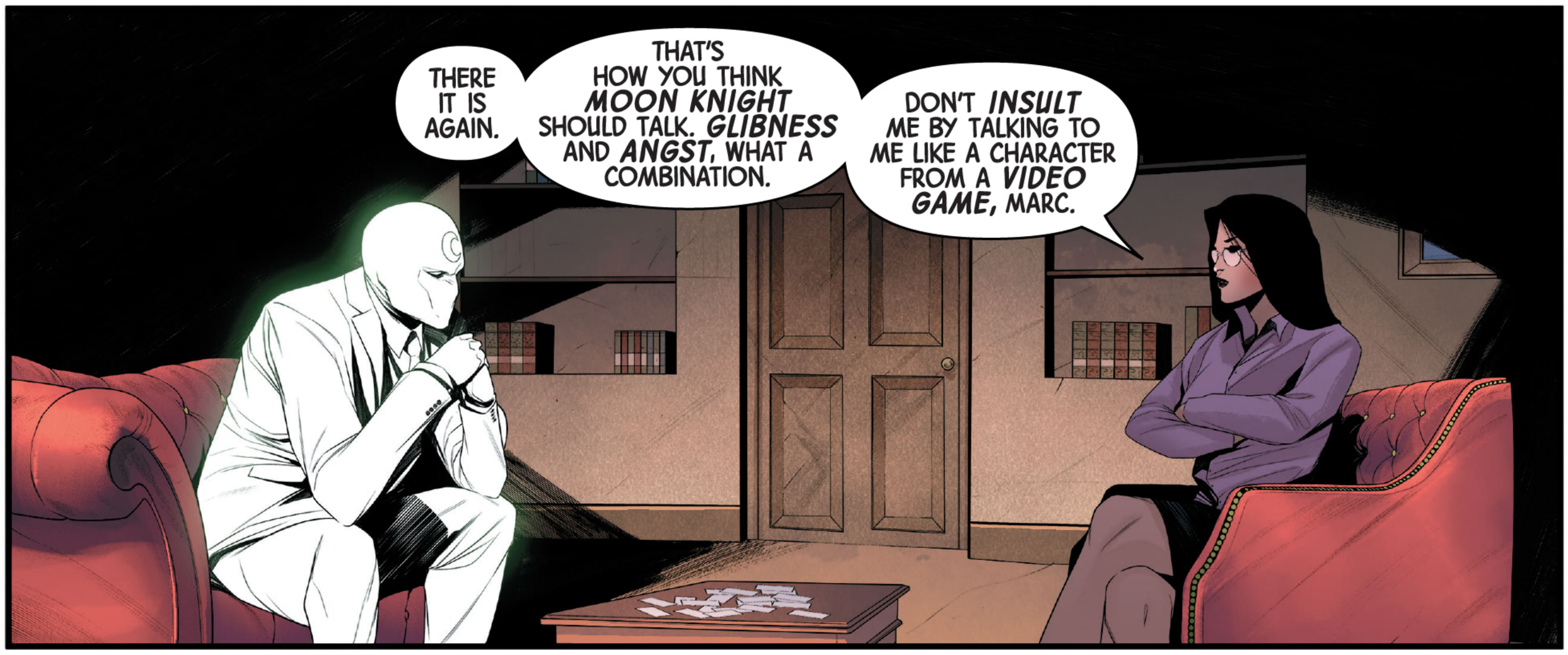

WHY ARE YOU SO UNHAPPY, MARC?



WHUDD

HIS OTHER PLACE, I MEAN.
I MEAN, I KNEW HE LIVED WITH HIS MOM...
...SO IT SEEMED WEIRD WHEN I SAW HIM COME HERE, RIGHT?
WOW.
HIGH TECH.
UHH... WHAT IS IT?
PARABOLIC AND LASER MICS.
RECORDING EQUIPMENT.
SURVEILLANCE GEAR.
ALL POINTED AT THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
WILD. YOU THINK SOLDIER WAS C.I.A. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
HAIL HYDRA
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

"UNHAPPY." HEH.
WHY SHOULD I BE HAPPY, DR. STERMAN?
WHEN HAS HAPPINESS EVER MATTERED TO THE FIST OF KHONSHU?
I DON'T HAVE "HAPPINESS." I HAVE MY DUTY. I HAVE MY DEBT.


THERE IT IS AGAIN.
THAT'S HOW YOU THINK MOON KNIGHT SHOULD TALK. GLIBNESS AND ANGST, WHAT A COMBINATION.
DON'T INSULT ME BY TALKING TO ME LIKE A CHARACTER FROM A VIDEO GAME, MARC.

...

ARE YOU JEWISH, DR. STERMAN?

--SAYING SOLDIER IS HYDRA?
IS OR WAS. HE BLACKED OUT HIS TATTOOS, SO EITHER HE'S UNDERCOVER OR HE WALKED.
EITHER WAY, HE'S HAD ME UNDER SURVEILLANCE. I SENT TERRY HOME, AND I NEED YOU OUT OF THE MISSION AND SOMEWHERE SAFE. CALL TIGRA.
PFFF.
WHAT, YOU FIND A BUNCH OF WOODEN STAKES OVER THERE? WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO TO ME?
REESE, PLEASE.
FINE, FINE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

ME?
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.
A BOY'S BEST FRIEND...
...IS HIS MOTHER.
NO ONE SAYS THAT.
JUST GET OUT OF THE MISSION.

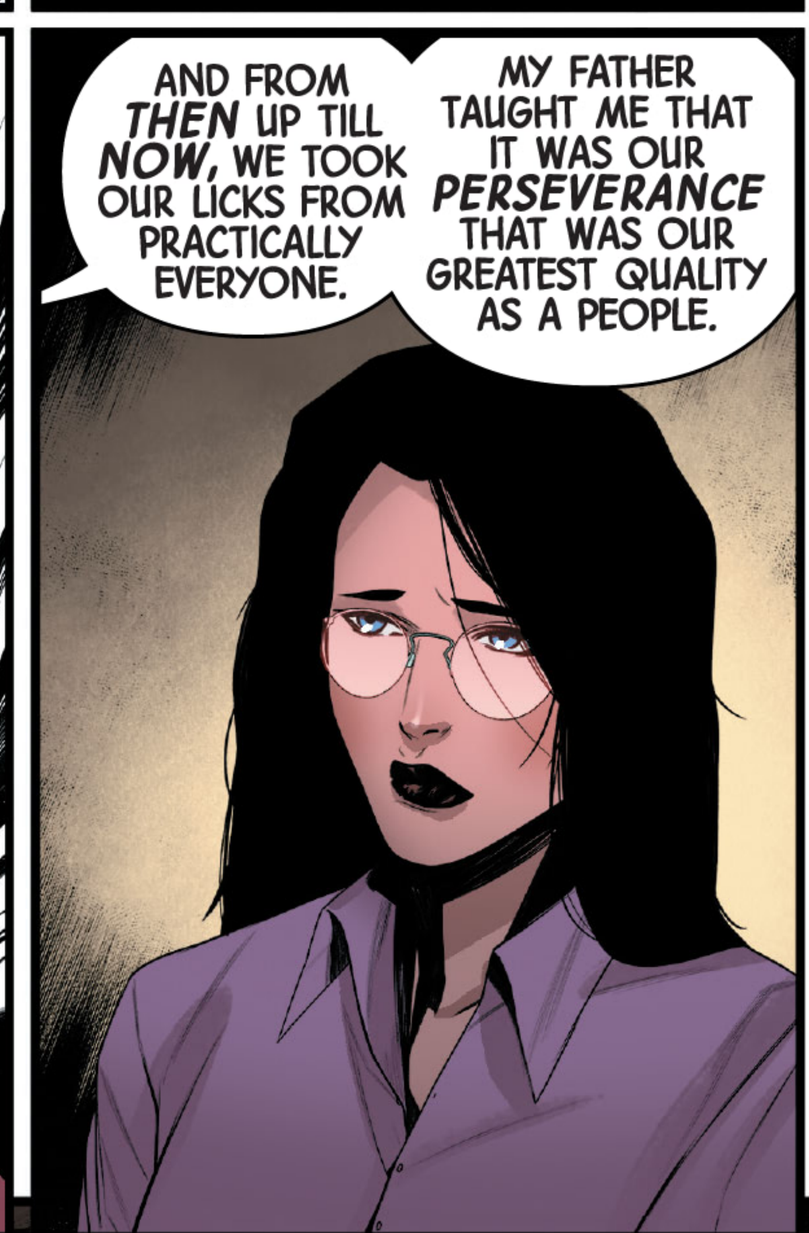
OF COURSE, THERE'S BEING RAISED JEWISH.
AND THEN THERE'S BEING RAISED BY A *RABBI.*

MY FATHER WAS THE KINDEST, GENTLEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN.
BUT THERE WAS *NEVER* ANYTHING KIND OR GENTLE IN *ME.*

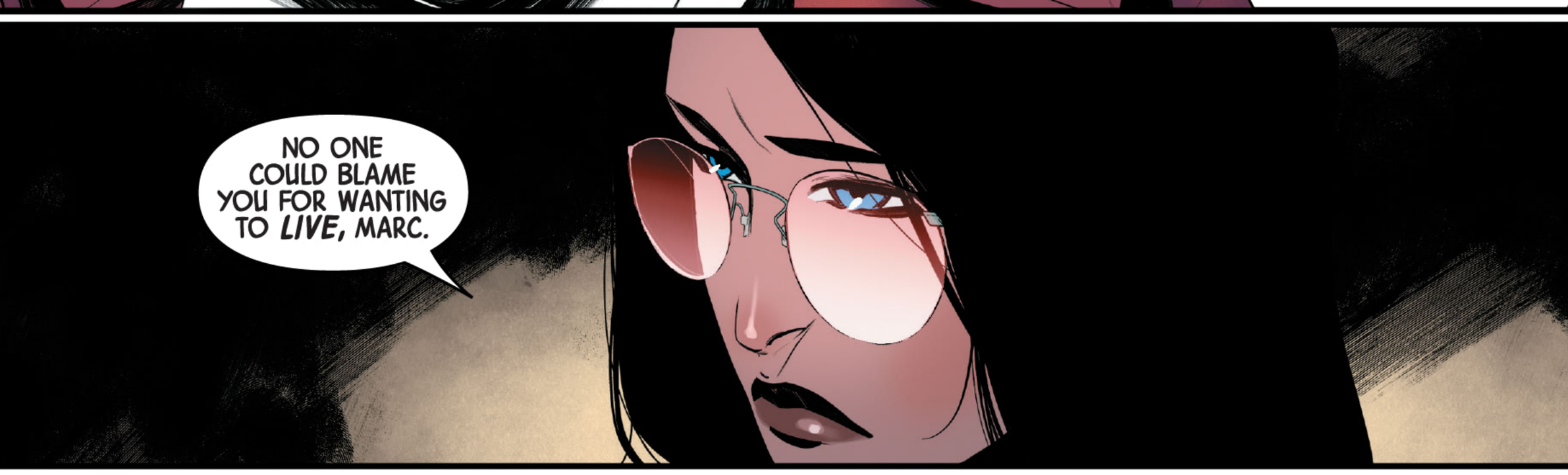
HE WAS A MAN OF PEACE. HE *HATED* VIOLENCE.

AND I THOUGHT THAT MADE HIM *WEAK.*
A *WEAK MAN* SERVING AN *INDIFFERENT GOD.*

BECAUSE THOSE WERE OUR STORIES, WEREN'T THEY?
WE LOST OUR HOMES. OUR LAND. WE WERE *ENSLAVED* AND THEN ESCAPED OUT INTO THE *DESERT.*


AND FROM *THEN* UP TILL *NOW,* WE TOOK OUR LICKS FROM PRACTICALLY EVERYONE.
MY FATHER TAUGHT ME THAT IT WAS OUR *PERSEVERANCE* THAT WAS OUR GREATEST QUALITY AS A PEOPLE.

HOW WE NEVER GAVE UP OUR FAITH, OUR LAWS, OUR COVENANT WITH GOD. HOW WE COULD LAUGH TO KEEP FROM CRYING. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED TO US.
SO WHEN I DIED IN SELIMA, CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR ACCEPTING *KHONSHU'S* OFFER?
I PUT ASIDE A GOD WHO HAD LET TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN TO HIS PEOPLE, A GOD WHO I HAD NEVER *SEEN,* NEVER *HEARD,* IN FAVOR OF A GOD WHO *SPOKE* RIGHT *TO* ME AND PROMISED:
"JOIN *ME.* BE *MY* SON. AND TOGETHER WE WILL *GET THINGS DONE.*"


NO ONE COULD BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO *LIVE,* MARC.

"BUT THAT'S JUST IT, ISN'T IT?

"ALL MY LIFE, I THOUGHT THAT MY FATHER WAS WEAK, BECAUSE HE WAS KIND AND GENTLE AND WOULD ***NEVER*** RAISE A HAND IN VIOLENCE.

"BUT ***HE*** WOULD HAVE ***DIED*** BEFORE HE BROKE FAITH WITH GOD. BEFORE RECOGNIZING ANOTHER.

"'YOU SHALL HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME... FOR I, THE LORD, YOUR G-D, AM A JEALOUS G-D.'

"WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT, ***I*** WAS THE WEAK ONE.

"I SOLD OUT EVERYTHING I HAD BEEN RAISED TO BELIEVE IN TO SAVE MY OWN NECK.

"TO FURTHER INDULGE MY ADDICTION TO VIOLENCE.

"MY ***FATHER'S*** GOD TOOK US OUT OF EGYPT. MY ***NEW*** GOD HAD ***KEPT*** US THERE."

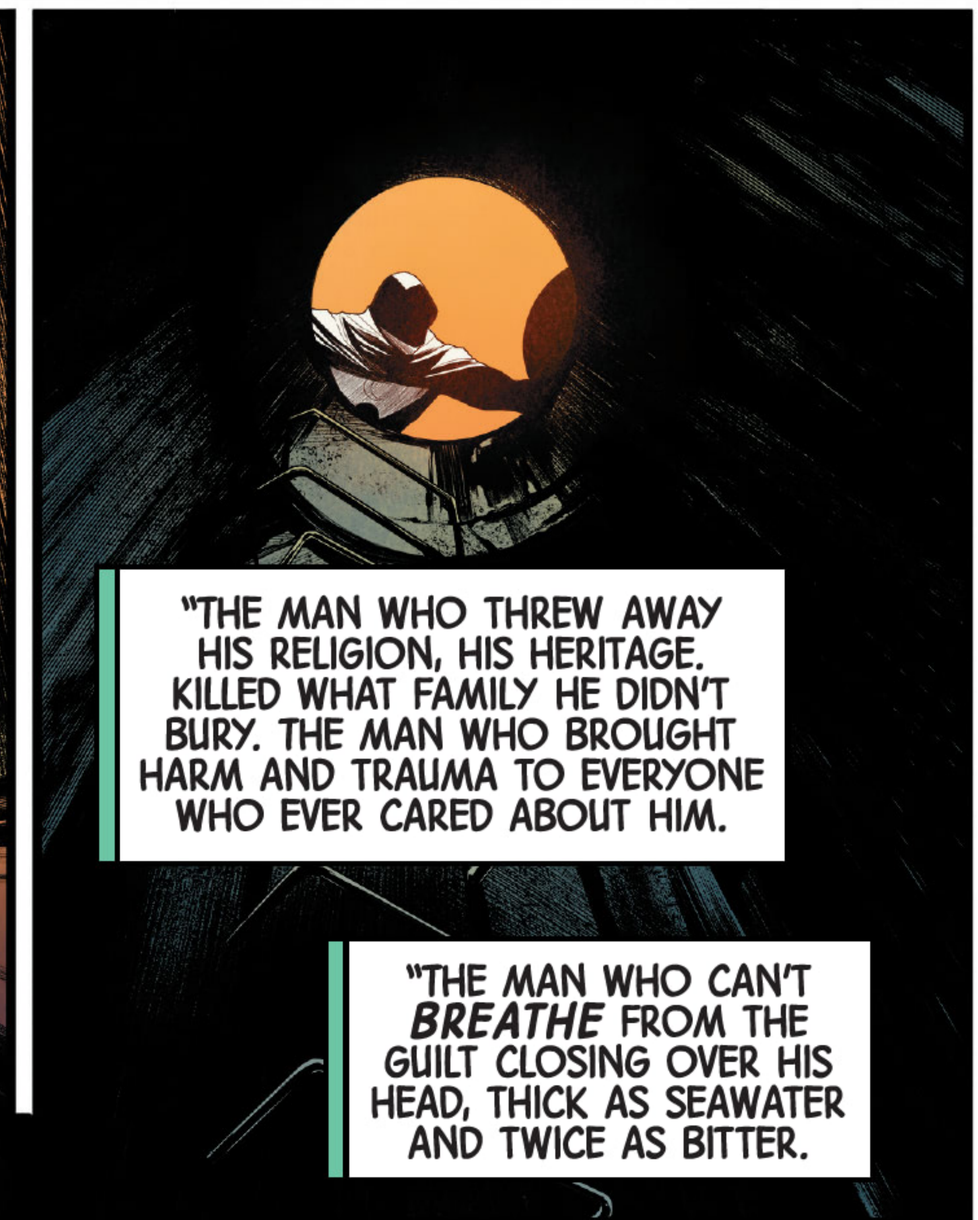
WARNING

PERIMETER ALARM

MIDNIGHT MISSION

DO YOU REGRET THAT CHOICE?
OF COURSE I DO.
I GOT MY LIFE BACK, AND WHAT GOOD DID IT DO ME?
I BURIED MY FATHER.
I KILLED MY BROTHER.
MY FRIENDS-- FRENCHIE, CRAWLEY, GENA AND HER BOYS-- THE LUCKY ONES JUST HATE ME FOR WHAT BEING A PART OF MY LIFE DID TO THEM. THE OTHERS ARE IN THE GROUND.
AND WHEN I WAS ASKED BY MY GOD TO TAKE DOWN THE AVENGERS AND PUT MY BOOT ON THE WORLD'S NECK?
I DID IT.
AND I DID IT WELL, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE. AS A MARINE, AS A MERCENARY, AS MOON KNIGHT.
I DID WHAT I WAS TOLD WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, NO MATTER WHAT MY EYES, MY EARS, MY SOUL TOLD ME.
BUT DID IT HELP A SINGLE PERSON?
NO.
AND NOW MY KID AND HER MOTHER ARE AN OCEAN AWAY, BECAUSE THEY'RE SCARED OF ME.
YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND BEFORE WHY I TAKE BEING THE FIST OF KHONSHU SO SERIOUSLY, WHEN IT'S COST ME SO MUCH.
COST ME EVERYTHING.

"IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE *LEFT*.

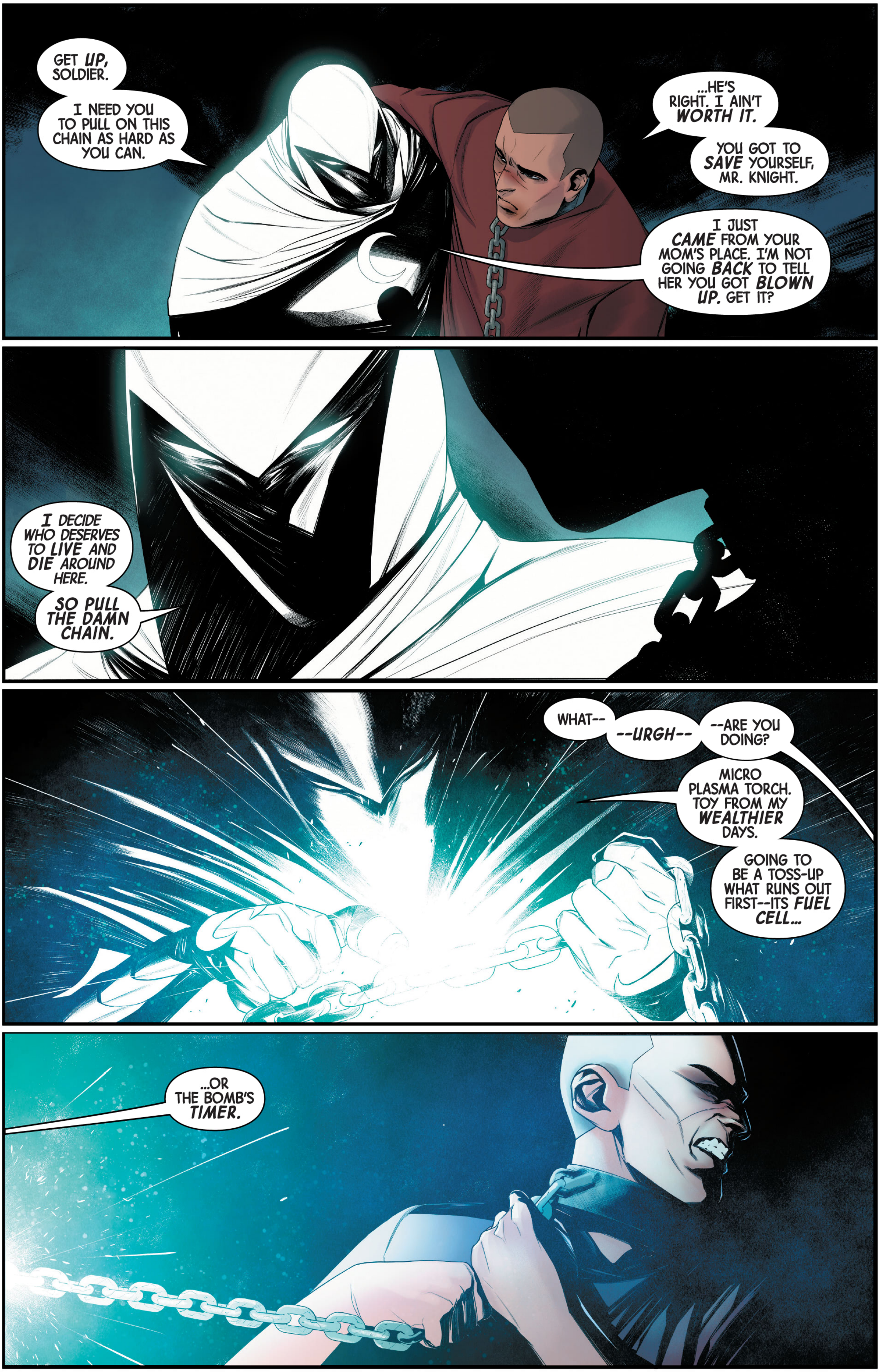


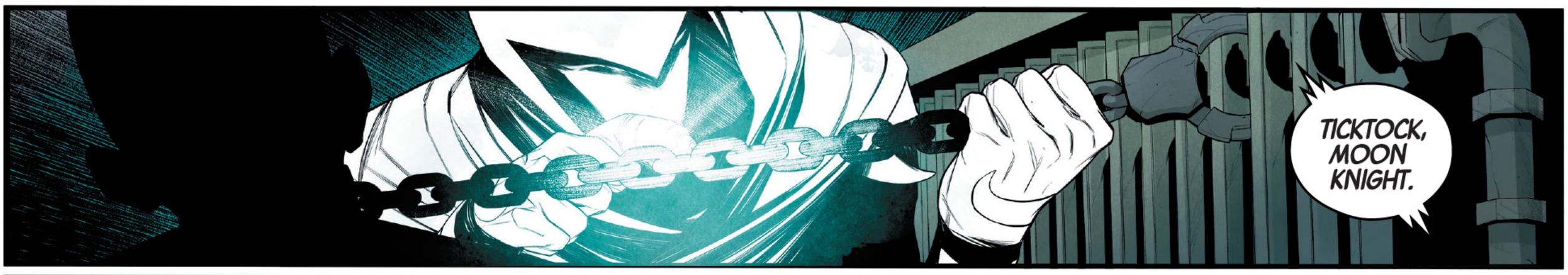
"NO *WONDER* I DEVELOPED D.I.D.

"BECAUSE I'D RATHER BE *ANYONE ELSE* OTHER THAN *THAT* GUY.

"HOW'S THAT FOR HONESTY?"
SOLDIER.
MOON KNIGHT.
TWIST! IT WASN'T SOLDIER AFTER ALL!
...S'A BOMB, YOU GOTTA GET OUT...

YOU OKAY, SOLDIER?
...YOU GOTTA GO...
PAY ATTENTION, MOON KNIGHT.
THERE IS A BOMB.
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT REAL ATTACHED TO YOUR FACE, PAL--
THERE'S NOT A LOT OF TICKS OR TOCKS LEFT ON MY CLOCK.
NOT ENOUGH TIME TO FIND IT, LET ALONE DISARM IT.
RRRRRR!
SO CALL THIS A CASE STUDY: "IS THE MOON KNIGHT FOR REAL?"
OH, THAT'S HARDENED CHAIN, BY THE BY.
...EPOXY IN THE KEYHOLE...
YOU'VE GOT TWO OPTIONS.
ONE: YOU CAN ADMIT THAT YOU'RE A PHONY, AND SAVE YOURSELF. I DIDN'T LOCK THE DOOR ON MY WAY OUT, SO YOU'RE FREE TO GO.
SURE, YOU'LL PROVE THAT EVERYTHING YOU CLAIM TO BE IS A LIE, BUT YOU'LL LIVE.
OR TWO: YOU DIE HERE, WASTING YOUR LIFE TRYING TO SAVE SOME EX-HYDRA PIECE OF TRASH.
THAT WAS A REAL PHOTO I PLANTED IN MY ROOM, BY THE WAY. YOUR BOY HERE HAS A DIRTY PAST.

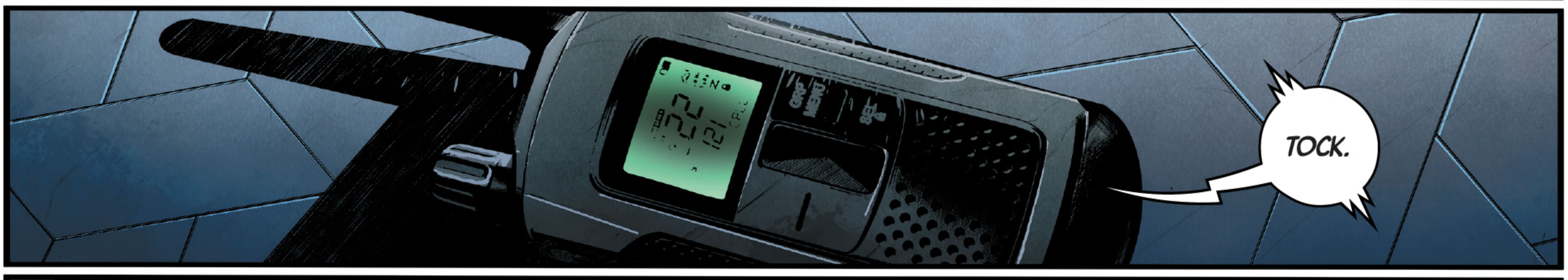

GET UP, SOLDIER.
I NEED YOU TO PULL ON THIS CHAIN AS HARD AS YOU CAN.
...HE'S RIGHT. I AIN'T WORTH IT.
YOU GOT TO SAVE YOURSELF, MR. KNIGHT.
I JUST CAME FROM YOUR MOM'S PLACE. I'M NOT GOING BACK TO TELL HER YOU GOT BLOWN UP. GET IT?
I DECIDE WHO DESERVES TO LIVE AND DIE AROUND HERE.
SO PULL THE DAMN CHAIN.
WHAT--
--URGH--
--ARE YOU DOING?
MICRO PLASMA TORCH. TOY FROM MY WEALTHIER DAYS.
GOING TO BE A TOSS-UP WHAT RUNS OUT FIRST--ITS FUEL CELL...
...OR THE BOMB'S TIMER.


TICKTOCK, MOON KNIGHT.

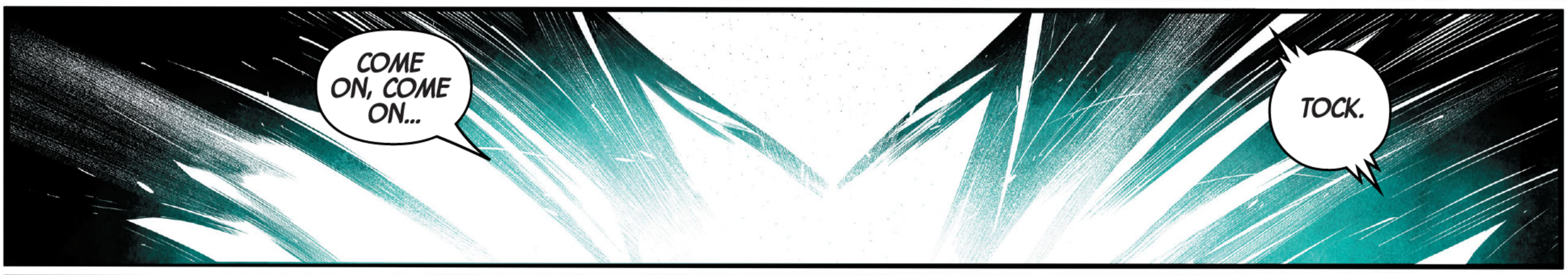
TICK.

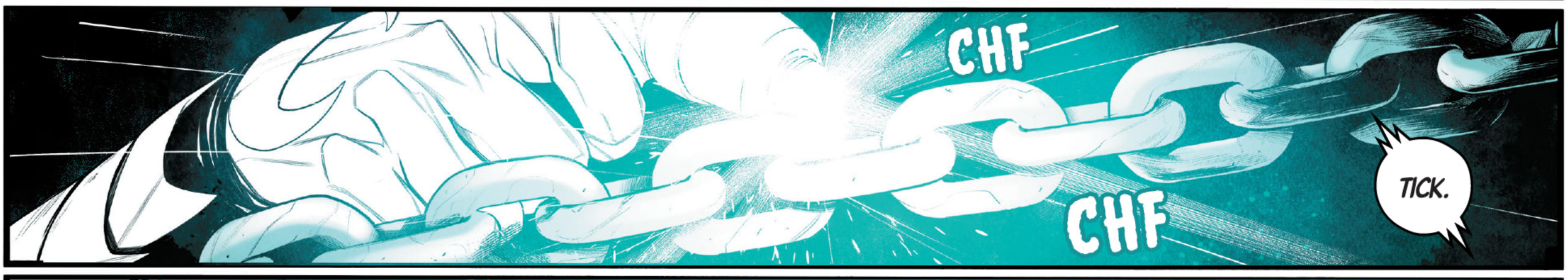
TOCK.

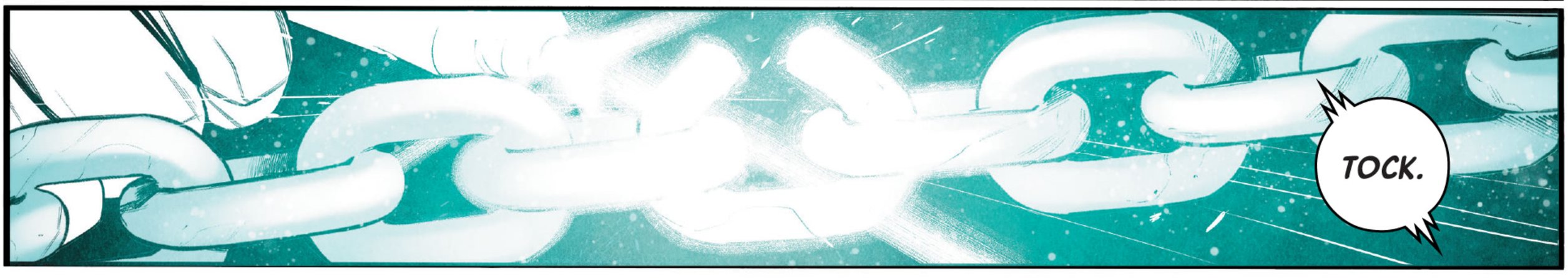
TICK.


TOCK.

TICK.


COME ON, COME ON...
TOCK.


CHF
CHF
TICK.


TOCK.

BOOM

KLANK

HACK
KOFF
GOD...

I'LL BE DAMNED.
YOU DID IT. I'M A BIG ENOUGH MAN TO ADMIT IT, MOON KNIGHT...

...I UNDERESTIMATED YOU.
DAMN, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.

...TERRY...?
NO, YOU JERK. TERRY NEVER EXISTED.
"GEE WHIZ, MR. KNIGHT! THIS SURE IS WEIRD! GOLLY, A MYSTERY!"
HEH.

NAH.
CALL ME
ZODIAC

NEXT:

MOON KNIGHT